

For four guests at \$5 each.....	\$20
For two ounces of gold, found in hen's claw.....	2
Total profits on tea.....	\$22

N. G. Delta.



LITERARY EXAMINER

Hope.

DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND, E. HOULDSWORTH, ESQ.

Do not the flowers, when sleeping on the earth,
Bright diamonds that nature's brow adorn,
When the soft winds from out their cells steal
forth,
Reveal beneath the kisses of the morn?
Do they not open up life's banquet-eyes,
And blithely in beauty forth, beneath the sunlit
skies?

And does not man, when in the starry night
Of sorrow lying, when his human sky
Is dark and drear, revive beneath thy light,
Driving away the clouds that round him lie?
And doth he not perch on life's stormy sea,
That breaks his spirit's gloom, and drives his
carriage away?

Angelic Hope! best boon to mortals given!
Cheer of life, and comfort of woe,
If thy protecting stars were from us riven,
How could we bear the ills we most below?
Should we not perch on life's stormy sea,
And sink beneath the surging waves of misery?

What cheers the mourner bending o'er the tomb,
And dropping o'er the grave his bitter tears;
The captive, pining in his dungeon gloom,
The pale-eyed student, full of doubts and
fears;
The wanderer, in distant lands afar;
Who sighs for home like lovers for the
evening star?

The sailor, on the tempest-riven ocean,
When death, in horrid shapes, doth hover
near,
When waves and winds contend in wild
commotion,
Howling their dirges in his frightened ear?
'Tis thou, sweet Hope, that cheers their sad
distress,
Lighting their gloom, tho' darkest ills around
them press.

And those that in death's cold clasp are lying
Confess thy power, and ope their dying eyes
On those dear ones who round their couch are
sighing,
And point to blessed realms beyond the skies;
For thou dost breathe sweet words within their
ears,
That drive away despair, whispering that Heaven
is near!

April 5th, 1849. E. HOULDSWORTH.

A Caravan of Pilgrims to Mecca—Scene in the Desert.

We now proceeded to meet the body of the caravan, which was coming on at a steady pace, the attendant Bedouins generally hovering on its flanks, but sometimes much in advance. First came a body of stragglers, who seemed as if they had been suddenly waded from the suburbs of Cairo, without note or preparation; a large proportion of them were tattered ragamuffins of the lowest aspect, the very offspring of the capital, and, to all appearance, utterly unfit for the journey—some plodding on foot, others mounted on donkeys; women even bearing their children on their shoulders, the asses which carried them having perished; a painfully grotesque assemblage, for it was past all question, that of these miserable wretches too many must fall victims to fatigue and privation during their lengthened course. In their total want of preparation, their ignorance of the way and blind reliance on the providence of Allah, they strongly reminded me of the description of those fanatic hordes who went forth on the first crusade, and who perished by thousands long ere they reached the borders of Palestine. They inquired for Akaba, as those were accustomed to ask for Jerusalem, supposing it always just at hand; and were astounded when we told them they had nearly three days' journey to accomplish. Strongly contrasted with this deplorable rabble came spurring forward detached groups of completely appointed Cairene gentlemen, well mounted, well dressed, all their garments being fresh and glossy, armed to the teeth, and followed at a distance by well-laden camels, bearing comfortable tents and abundant stores. Some of them, proud of their own gallant appearance and the spirit of their horses, pranced and curvetted, and performed different feats of horsemanship within sight of the hodge which bore their ladyloves, throwing the dust with bare ceremony into the eyes of the poorer wayfarers. Of these well-armed men there was in all a considerable number, and they alone might have made head against a numerous body of assailants, at least while as yet fatigue and want of water had not reduced the strength and condition of the horse and the spirit of the rider, as was the case with the gallant crusaders in the olden time. Relying on the fleetness of their horses for enabling them to overtake the main body, several parties were halting on sandy knolls at some distance, each planting a lance in the sand as a rallying post, smoking and sipping coffee, and making a noonday repast. The expense formerly incurred by some of the richer class of pilgrims seems almost incredible. Burckhardt tells us that "in 1816, several grandees of Cairo joined the Haj, one of whom had one hundred and ten camels for the transport of his baggage and retinue, and eight tents; his traveling expenses in going and coming must have amounted to ten thousand pounds." But such zeal and wealth are getting rarer and rarer every year of fast-waning Islam.

The main body of the caravan advanced steadily in a compact mass, five camels in depth. In the front was the cannon, used for announcing the time for halting and starting again, on a sort of sledge, drawn by three camels, harnessed in a peculiar manner, and each with a soldier on his back. Next, in the centre, succeeded a long line of camels, bearing palanquins, or hodge, occupied by women, a sort of tent either built up on the back of a single animal, or slung, like a sedan-chair, between two, and, varying in the splendor of its materials, and gaudiness of its decorations, with the rank of its fair occupant; some being quite radiant with crimson or green silk, embroidered in gold, surmounted with glittering crescents, and having small windows, latticed without and lined within with looking-glass. Most of these, on account of the heat, were thrown open, and admitted occasional peeps at the languid sleepy eyes within. To some of the tenants of these hodge Burckhardt gives indeed, but an equivocal character: "I saw with them," he says, "a party of public women and dancing-girls, whose tent and equipage were among the most splendid in the caravan." The camels bearing these aristocratic and, as it might be, other ladies, were also fantastically decorated, and were led by well-dressed grooms. In one of the most sumptuous carriages to be found in the group reclined the Emir-el-Haj, who bore rule over the caravan. The same form of conveyance, but in ruder style, was adopted by many of the poorer class of Arab merchants, except that, as in Cairo, the women, dressed in blue wrappers, were, with their children, exposed to view, while the husband himself was the conductor of his migratory household. Camels in a double line, well laden with stores, merchandise, and water-skins, paced steadily along on either side of the middle file, accompanied by their attendant drivers.

A burst of tom-toms, a rude sort of Arab drum, and a denser crowd, now indicated the approach of the central and most im-

portant part of the caravan, under a costly canopy, the copy of the Koran sent to Mecca. We came to a halt, to observe it with more attention while passing; and if this singular spectacle arrested our notice, the pilgrims, on their part, appeared no less surprised at the apparition of a solitary traveler in a Frank dress, coming across the Desert in the opposite direction. Many were the questions put to Komeh, who, to my renewed surprise, seemed here as well as everywhere else, to know almost everything; and many were the salutations addressed to myself, though all, it was evident, did not regard me with quite so favorable an eye, their welcome varying probably, according to the laxity or ardor of their Mussulman fanaticism. In this mixed host, as in the crusades of old, many and various were the shades of character and motive impelling to the performance of pilgrimage; and there would have been little difficulty in grouping the host according to the indications afforded by their respective appearance. The comfortable, nay, luxurious style of many showed forth rather the man of rank or wealthy merchant, with whom the formal sense of the fulfillment of a pious duty, which adds further consideration to that of wealth, or the dissipation of ennui, or an eye to profitable traffic, were motives largely qualifying the religious fanaticism which was strongly stamped on the scowling visages of many of the more poorly provided. Some of these, from their green turbans, had evidently gone on the pilgrimage before, and their general mien bore out the well-known Eastern saying, which proportions to the number of these pious journeys he has performed the mingled amount of rascality and fanaticism acquired by the pilgrim. Sallow-faced derisives abounded; these, says Burckhardt, "of every sect and order in the Turkish empire, are found among the pilgrims, many of them madmen, or at least assuming the appearance of insanity, which causes them to be much respected by the hajdys, and fills their pockets with money. The behavior of some of them is so violent, and at the same time so cunning, that even the least charitably disposed hajdys gave willingly something to escape from them."

The Mahmal, borne on the back of a fine camel, selected for the purpose, and exempted for the rest of its life from ordinary frame, consists of a square wooden frame, terminating in a pyramidal form, covered with dark brocade, and highly ornamented with gilt fringes and tassels. Mr. Lane states that in every case he has seen was worked a view of the Temple of Mecca, and over it the Sultan's cypher; but these particulars escaped my notice. According to the same excellent authority, from whom I borrow some further details relating to the pilgrimage, it contains nothing, besides two mus-hafs, or copies of the Koran, one on a scroll, and the other in the usual form of a little book, and each enclosed in a case of gilt silver, attached externally at the top. It was related that the Sultan En-Zahir Beybars, King of Egypt, was the first who sent a Mahmal with the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca, in the year of the Flight, 670, (A.D. 1272), or 675; but this custom, it is generally said, has its origin a few years before his accession to the throne. Sheger-ed-Durr, (commonly called Shagret-ed-Durr), a beautiful Turkish slave, who became the favorite wife of the Sultan Es-Saleh Negen-ed-Deen, and on the death of his son, with whom terminated the dynasty of the house of Eiyoub, caused herself to be acknowledged as Queen of Egypt, performed the pilgrimage in a magnificent "hodge," or covered litter, borne by a camel; and for several successive years her empty hodge was sent with the caravan, merely for the sake of state. Hence succeeding princes of Egypt sent with each year's caravan of pilgrims a kind of hodge, (which received the name of "Mahmal," or "Mahamil," as an emblem of royalty; and the kings of other countries followed their example. The Wahabites prohibited the Mahmal, as an object of vain pomp; it afforded them one reason for intercepting the caravan.

Immediately behind the Mahmal followed another camel, bearing a square wooden seat, fenced with boards, in which was seated an old hairy Santon, his head uncovered and perfectly naked to the waist, swaying to and fro, broiling and blackening in the fierce sunbeams. This singular being is called the "Sheik of the Camel," and receives from Government two camels and his provisions: he is probably the same individual described by Mr. Lane, as having for several years accompanied the caravan to and from Mecca. This old man, in whom I supposed the whole animus of Mussulman intolerance to be concentrated, saluted us very courteously. In addition to this original, the Mahmal was, a few years ago, followed by another, and still more singular one: an old woman, with head uncovered, and only wearing a shirt. She was called "Uma-el-Kutai," or the Mother of the cats, having always five or six cats sitting about her on her camel.

The journey from Cairo to Mecca is long and arduous, and occupies thirty-seven days, (Lane), and the route is, for the most part, desert. "The route of the Egyptian caravan is far more dangerous and fatiguing than that of the Syrian; the road along the shore of the Red Sea leading through the territories of wild and warlike tribes of Bedouins, who frequently endeavor to cut off a part of the caravan by open force." The caravan travels slowly but steadily; the time for halting and departing being marked by the sound of the cannon. Komeh, who was himself a Hajdi, had contrived, in a rough way, to furnish me with an account of the details and privations of his pilgrimage, some of which were painful enough; they agreed exactly with Mr. Lane's account. "It is not merely by the visit to Mecca, and the performance of the ceremonies of compassing the Kaabeh seven times, and kissing the 'black stone' in each round, and other rites in the Holy City, that the Muslim acquires the title of 'El-hajj,' (or the pilgrim); the final object of the pilgrimage is Mount Arafat, six hours journey from Mecca. It is necessary that the pilgrim be present on the occasion of a Khutbeh, which is recited on Mount Arafat, in the afternoon of the ninth of the month of Zul-Heggeh. In the ensuing evening, after sunset, the pilgrims commence their return to Mecca." This was described to me as a most exciting and splendid scene. Burckhardt gives an interesting account of it in his journey to Mecca and Medina:—"Halting the following day in the valley of Muna, (or, as it is more commonly called, Muna), they complete the ceremonies of the pilgrimage by a sacrifice, part of the flesh of which they eat, and part give to the poor." "This is called El-Ida, (the ram-sacrifice), as it is performed in commemoration of the ransom of Isaac (or Ishmael) when he was about to be offered by his father Abraham; for it is the general opinion of the Muslims that it was Isaac, and not Isaac, who was to have been sacrificed."

"Generally towards the end of Salar,

reaches Cairo, sending in advance an officer, accompanied by two Arabs, on foot dromedaries, to announce its speedy arrival, and to carry packets of letters to the relatives of pilgrims, for which it is handsomely rewarded." Some then advance with provisions and even music to meet their jaded friends. It is very affecting to see, at the approach of the caravan, the numerous parties who go out with drums and pipes, to welcome and escort to the city their friends arrived from the holy places; and how many who went forth in hope, return with lamentation instead of music and rejoicing! for the arduous journey through the desert is fatal to a great number of pilgrims who cannot afford themselves necessary conveniences. Many of the women go forth to meet their husbands or sons, receive the melancholy tidings of their having fallen victims to privation and fatigue. The piercing shrieks with which they rend the air as they retrace their steps to the city, are often heard predominant over the noise of the drum and the shrill notes of the hautboy which proclaim the joy of others."

We had now seen the best of the apparently interminable procession, for other bodies continued to advance at a distance after the main track, having fallen behind for want of proper and ready organization, which may well account for the manner in which the clouds of Saracens hovered about the crusaders, surrounding and cutting off separate detachments from the main body, as the hostile Bedouins of the great desert are also at times accustomed to do; and we to be the luckless wretches who fall victims to these remorseless enemies of civilized man, with whom successful robbery is an honorable trade of such ancient standing. All was evidently hurry and alarm in their minor detachments.

Reaching now a bold hillock of sand, occupied by a party of well-dressed Turks, who politely invited me to take coffee with them, I ascended it to take a farewell view of the caravan. I had been delighted with every detail of the singular procession, and would not have missed seeing it on any account. It is a truly oriental spectacle, the most characteristic that exists, transporting the beholder back to the very earliest historic times, and even into the clouds of tradition and fable that precede it, for there can be no doubt that this mode of travel was practised from a period long lost in obscurity, that it would naturally be resorted to in these regions in the very infancy of the world, and that the organization of these migratory hordes must, besides, ever have been nearly the same. My thoughts went back to the time of Joseph and the Patriarchs, to the days of wealthy Tyre and Petra, and the later magnificence of Palmyra, all connected with this primitive unchanged mode of travel across the vast interior of Asia, all indebted for their splendor to the patient camel, the ship of the desert, so wonderfully adapted by an omniscient Providence for ministering to the wants of the Eastern world, both in its earliest and advanced stages, equally useful to the migratory camp of Bedouin wanderers, and for the requirements of the luxurious trading cities of Egypt and Syria, which have for ages dispensed the riches of the East throughout the western world. Those cities and their commerce have passed away, but the same mode of travel still subsists, and ever must, throughout these extensive regions of the world, to which it is exclusively suitable. The long procession, with its face set towards distant Mecca, defiled slowly away, the most advanced portion disappearing over the sandy swell, where we had first encountered it. I could not but follow it in imagination to its destined bourne, through the many perils which hovered about its painful track, the Bedouins of the great desert, the fearful Simoom, the terrible destitution of water, and often of necessary food, under which many, at least of the more poorly provided and infirm, must sink. I thought, too, of the fate which even now, might be hovering over the gayest and best furnished of these splendid pavilions, whose delicate tenants, unequal to the struggle with protracted fatigue, must then be committed to their last homes in the wilderness, to form a fellowship in the grave with the broken-down straggler, whose departing host has heartlessly left behind to perish, to dig with his expiring strength his own shallow grave in the sand, and await the passing of the angel of death.—*Forty Days in the Desert.*

Charles Dickens's Remarks.

The reason in this story is a compound of two great originals, of whom I have been, at different times, the proud possessor. The first was in the bloom of his youth when he was discovered in a modest retirement in London, by a friend of mine, and given to me. He had from the first, as Sir Hugh Evans says of Anne Page, "good gifts," which he improved by study in a most exemplary manner. He slept in a stable, generally on horseback, and so terrified a Newfoundland dog by his preternatural sagacity that he has been known, by the mere superiority of his genius, to walk off unmolested with the dog's dinner from before his face. He was rapidly rising in acquirements and virtues when, in an evil hour, his stable was newly painted. He observed the workmen closely, saw that they were careful of the paint, and immediately burned to possess it. On their going to dinner, he ate up all they had left behind, consisting of a pound or two of white lead, and this youthful indiscretion terminated in death. While I was yet inconceivably in his, loss another friend of mine in Yorkshire discovered an older and more gifted raven at a village public-house, which he prevailed upon the landlord to part with for a consideration, and sent it up to me. The first act of this Sage was, to administer to the effects of his predecessor, by disinterment all the cheese and halfpence he had buried in the garden, a work of immense labor and research, to which he devoted all the energies of his mind. When he had achieved this task, he applied himself to the acquisition of stable language, in which he soon became such an adept that he would perch outside my window and drive imaginary horses with great skill, all day. Perhaps, even I never saw him at his best, for his former master sent his duty with him, "and if I wished the bird to come out very strong, would I be so good as to show him a drunken man,"—which I never did, having, unfortunately, none but sober people at hand. But I could hardly have respected him more, whatever the stimulating influences of this sight might have been. He had not the least respect, I am sorry to say, for me in return, or for anybody but the cook, to whom he was attached, but only, I fear, as a poltroon might have been. Once I met him unexpectedly, about half a mile off, walking down the middle of the public street, attended by a pretty large crowd, and spontaneously exhibiting the whole of his accomplishments. His gravity under these trying circumstances I never can forget, nor the extraordinary gallantry with which, relating to the hodge, he

overpowered by numbers. It may have been that he was too bright a genius to live long, or it may have been that he took some suspicious substance into his bill, and thence into his maw,—which is not improbable, seeing that he new-pointed the greater part of the garden wall by digging out the mortar, broke countless squares of glass by scraping away the putty all round the frames, and tore up and swallowed, in splinters, the greater part of a wooden staircase of six steps, and a landing; but, after some three years, he, too, was taken ill, and died before the kitchen fire. He kept his eye to the last upon the meat as it roasted, and suddenly turned over on his back with a sepulchral cry of "Cuckoo!" Since then I have been ravens.—*Preface to the New Edition of Barnaby Rudge.*

The Dog and the Otter.

Even when young the otter is a most powerful and severe biter, closing its jaws with the strength of a lion on whatever it seizes. Every courageous dog who has once battled with an otter, retains ever afterwards the most eager and violent animosity against the animal. The scent of an otter renders any otherwise most tractable retriever quite uncontrollable. The remembrance of former bites and wounds seems to drive him almost frantic, and no sooner does he come across the fresh track of one than he immediately throws aside all control, and is off *entre a terre* in pursuit. It is not often that an otter commits himself so far as to be found during the daytime in any situation where he can be approached; but one day in this month I was out for a quiet walk with my retriever, looking at wide drains and small pools for wild ducks, when suddenly the dog went off, nose to the ground, in so eager a manner that I knew nothing but a fox or an otter could have been the cause of his excitement; and I soon recent track of a very large otter. For a long time he would not show himself, but suddenly the dog rushed into a thick tuft of reeds, and the next moment dog and otter were tumbling over each other into a deep black pool. The otter escaped from the dog in the water; but the hole, though only about six feet square, though deep, I took my retriever out by main force, and waited for the water to become clear again. When it did so, I looked for the otter for some time in vain, till at last, having stooped down close to the pool, I was startled by seeing his face within a few inches of my own, his body being almost concealed by the overhanging bank. I tried to make him leave his cover, but in vain; so I sent the dog in again, who soon found him, and after a short scuffle, the otter left the pool, and went off along a wide but shallow drain, and there the battle began again. The dog, although unable to master the otter, who was one of the largest size, managed to prevent his escape, and at last I contrived to end the contest by a well-aimed blow from a piece of railing which I had picked up.—*St. John's Field Notes for 1846.*

Suez.

Suez is a desert without its only redeeming quality of freedom. A moulting wall encircles it, except where open to the sea; within are several void spaces, differing in no respect from the expanse without, save that they are noisome with an accumulation of filth, and save also that they are bordered by large dreary heaps of dingy-colored houses, which seem about to fall in and bury their sallow inhabitants. Not a green tree or shrub, or a drop of fresh water, and all supplies fetched from a distance, even from Cairo. Scattered about are encampments of pilgrims, mostly Mughreby Arabs, from Western Africa, whose sullen and half-menacing appearance disposes one to give them a wide berth. This dead and alive appearance imposes a melancholy to which one is a stranger in the desert, and made me hurry back to my tent, after a very short walk through the bazaar, and to the muddy beach, along which are scattered some singular vessels, built high at the stern, like those of many ages back. The only interesting view was that of the distant mountains towards Sinai, into whose defiles I was now eager to penetrate.—*Forty Days in the Desert.*

Music of Old.

The ancient Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only ram's horns; the psaltery, was a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their scabur resembled the *caggs* used at Malta in the present day,—a species of bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer a horizontal harp, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psaltery—such as are seen about the streets of London in the present day. Imagine the discord produced by 200,000 of such instruments, while playing at the dedication of Solomon's Temple.—*Mr. Thompson Kay, in the Medical Times.*

(From Hogg's Instructor.)

Never Give Up!

"Never give up!" "The secret of glory; Nothing so wise can philosophy preach; Think of the names that are famous in story; 'Never give up!' is the lesson they teach. How have men compass'd immortal achievement? How have they moulded the world to their will? 'Tis that 'midst dangers, and woes, and bereavements, 'Never give up!' was the principle still. 'Never give up!' though o'erladen with sorrow; Shake not the yoke—'twill more bitterly gall! 'Never give up!' for there cometh a morrow; Fraught with delights to compensate all. 'Never give up!' Bear your fate with serenity; Crouch not grovelling, like slaves in the dust. Life's a rough passage to realms of amenity; Dark is the journey, but travel we must. 'Never give up!' It can last but a season. Will you, because a cloud bursts on your way, Basingly surrender your manhood and reason? Weep for griefs that may end in a day? What though the tempest around you be raving, Soon you'll have emptied life's rancorous cup; Soudly you'll sleep where the willows are waving; Thunder won't awaken you. 'Never give up!' 'Never give up!' It were impious to dream of it. Crouch not grovelling, like slaves in the dust. That there are fortunes (O, raptures to dream of!) Bright and immortal in store for you yet. Ere the night fall, if by virtue a merit, May you not, mourner, in Paradise sup? Compot of angels, and Heaven's inheritance. Think of your destiny; 'never give up!'

The motives and purposes of authors are not always so pure and high, as in the enthusiasm of youth, we sometimes imagine. To many the trumpet of fame is nothing but a tin horn to call them home, like laborers from the field, at dinner-time; and they think themselves lucky to get the dinner.—*Longfellow's Kavanagh.*

(From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.)

The Menzickoff Family.

Close to the Kremlin at Moscow was to be seen, about the end of the seventeenth century; the shop of a pastry-cook of the name of Menzickoff, famous for making a kind of honey-cake in great request among the Russians. This Menzickoff had a son, who, though a mere boy, from his quickness and intelligence was most useful to his father. It was his business to sell cakes; and he might be seen in every quarter of the city with a basket, which he was often fortunate enough to empty three or four times in the day. On some occasions, however, he was unsuccessful in disposing of his merchandise; and when thus bringing home again part of what he had carried off, he used to steal into his little room to avoid meeting his father, who in such case would fly into a passion, and send him to bed supperless, and perhaps, in addition to this punishment, beat him severely. And never was chastisement more unjust; for Alexander did his very best to sell his cakes, repairing to the most public walks, and the doors of the principal churches, traversing the streets and the thoroughfares, till at length he was well known to all the inhabitants of Moscow—nay even to the Czar Peter himself, who condescended, while buying cakes from him, to chat with him, and laugh at his lively sallies and quick repartees.

Brought thus into contact with princes and nobles, the sight of the luxury and magnificence that surrounded them soon inspired the young Menzickoff with a disgust of his trade sufficiently strong to make him long to throw aside his basket, and bid adieu forever to his cakes. But his aspirations had scarcely taken the form of hope, so vague were they, and so little probability did there appear of any change of condition, when he was informed that fortune was even then about to take him by the hand, to raise him to the highest pinnacle. One day his father received an order for cakes from a nobleman, who was giving an entertainment to several of the courtiers of the Czar. Alexander was of course the bearer of them. Admitted to the banquetting room, he sees a large company, all of whom had indulged in copious libations, and a greater number of whom were quite intoxicated. To Alexander's astonishment, in the midst of the jingle of glasses, and the clamor of drunken riot, he hears threatening words against the Czar. A vast company exists to expel him from the throne, got up by the Princess Sophia, whose ambition could not be satisfied in the obscurity of the convent in which her brother Peter obliged her to remain. The very next day the conspirators were to carry into effect their terrible plot. Alexander hesitates not a moment; he glides unnoticed from the room and hastens to the palace. He is surrounded on his arrival by the guards, to whom he is well known.

"Go, day Menzickoff! what brings you here without your cakes?"

"Talk not of cakes!" he answered, panting and breathless, and almost wild with terror; "I must see the Czar; I must speak to him, and that on the instant!"

"A mighty great man truly to speak to the Czar; he has other things to do besides listening to your foolery."

"In the name of all you love best, for the sake of great St. Nicholas, our patron saint, take me to the Czar; every moment lost may be the cause of frightful misfortunes. If you hinder me from seeing the Emperor, you will repent it all your life."

Surprised at his urgency, one of the guards determined to go to the Emperor and ascertain his pleasure concerning him. Peter, always accessible to the meanness of his subjects, ordered Menzickoff to be admitted. "Well, Alexander, and what have you got to say so important?"

"My lord," cried the boy throwing himself at the prince's feet, "your life is at stake if you delay a single hour. Only a few paces from your palace they are conspiring against you: they have sworn to have your life."

"I will not give them time," answered Peter smiling. "Come, rise, and be my guide. Remember only that you must be silent as the grave upon all you already know and all that may happen. Your future fortune depend on your discretion."

With these words the Emperor wrapped himself in a cloak, and repaired alone to the house where the conspirators were assembled. A few minutes pause, at the door of the room gave him, in the words he overheard, sufficient proof of the truth of Menzickoff's report, and he suddenly entered the room. The conspirators, supposing that his guard was at his back, fell on their knees before him, imploring pardon at the very moment that his life was in their hands.

From that day might be dated the brilliant fortunes of the young Menzickoff. Peter, grateful for the services he had rendered him, kept him about his person, and gave him all the educational advantages within his reach. And well did he profit by them, acquiring in a short time several languages, and such skill in arms, and knowledge of state affairs, that he soon became necessary to the Czar, who never went anywhere without him. When on his return from Holland, Peter wished to carry out those plants of social amelioration at which he had been laboring for so many years, he found in Menzickoff a second self, able and willing to co-operate with him in all his projects. Such signal services soon obtained for him the government of Ingria, the rank of prince, and in 1702 the title of major general. He was then five and twenty years of age.

War having been declared against Poland, Menzickoff signalled himself in several battles, and attained to the highest offices. But was he happy? No: the perpetual fear of a reverse that haunted him, the consciousness that he was an object of jealousy and envy to all who surrounded him, robbed him of anything like tranquillity of mind. Every thought was absorbed in the unceasing effort to maintain his elevated rank, now only second to that of the emperor himself. But he was even now ill; he might die: what, then, would become of the favorite Menzickoff? Would his successor extend to him the same countenance? This thought pressed upon him perpetually, induced him to try and find out from the emperor what his intentions were as to the succession to the throne; but the prince was so much offended by the attempt, which he had too much penetration not to perceive, that, as a punishment, he deprived him of the principality of Pleskoff. Menzickoff was fully aware that his fate was bound up with that of the Empress Catherine, over whose mind he had always had great influence, and in concert with her he gained over all parties to favor her succession to the throne after the demise of her husband. No sooner was Peter's eyes closed in death, than Menzickoff seized on the treasury and citadel, and proclaimed Catherine Empress under the name of

ful mistress; she ordered her step-son Peter, whom she had named as her successor, to marry the daughter of Menzickoff; and through the same influence a marriage was also agreed upon, between the son of the latter and the Princess Anna. Both couples were betrothed; and Menzickoff, left nothing to desire, thought himself henceforth secure from all reverses; but it was not long before he experienced the proverbial inconstancy of fortune. All his efforts to place his power on a solid basis proved fruitless; the sudden death of Catherine I., which took place two years after that of her husband, entirely changed the aspect of affairs. Peter II. ascended the throne, and soon the impending storm burst upon his head. The Dolgorouki family were the counsellors and favorites of the new monarch, and they had long been the enemies of Menzickoff. They excited in the Czar's mind a jealousy of the power of his intended father-in-law, and succeeded not only in breaking off the projected marriages, but in procuring the banishment of Menzickoff to his estate of Reunburg, about 250 leagues from Moscow. But their hatred was not yet satisfied; his wealth alone gave him formidable power; he might reappear at court; and they now represented to the Czar in the most odious light the pomp and splendor which Menzickoff had been imprudent enough to display in the removal of his family from Moscow; and the ruin of the unhappy man was irretrievably sealed. At some distance from Moscow a detachment of soldiers, commanded by one of his bitter enemies, came up with him, and a decree was shown to Menzickoff condemning him for the rest of his life to Siberia, stripped of all honors and wealth. He was made to alight from his carriage, and after he and his wife and children had been compelled to put on the coarse garb of peasants, they were placed in the covered carts which were to convey them to their place of exile.

Who can paint the despair of the unhappy Menzickoff! A few short days before, he held the second rank in the State, under an Emperor whose throne his daughter was to share; and now, stripped of his possessions, of liberty, of hope, he was borne along in a wretched vehicle to the horrible place where he was henceforth to drag out his miserable existence! As a favor, the Emperor sent him to the circle of Ischim, called the "Italy of Siberia," because a few days of summer are known in it, the winter lasting only eight months; but that winter is intensely cold, though not as long as in other parts of the country. The north wind is continually blowing, and comes charged with ice from the deserts of the north pole; so that from the month of September till the end of May the river Isch is completely frozen over, and the snow thickly covers its rude and desolate banks.

Immediately on his arrival in Siberia, Menzickoff was put in possession of a *Isba* (the Russian name for the peasant's hovel), situated in a very remote district of the gloomy region, and there he was subjected to the strictest watch. He was forbidden, by his family, to pass beyond a certain prescribed limit, even to go to church. A few days after their installation in their wretched abode, some cows and sheep, and a quantity of fowls, were brought to Menzickoff, without any intimation to whom he was indebted for this act of kindness. It was indeed an alleviation of his sad fate, not only as an addition to his physical comfort, but in inspiring a cheering hope, by showing that he had friends who still remembered and were interested in him. Perhaps their zeal to serve him would not stop here.—This feeble ray of hope sufficed to cheer the unhappy family, and impart to them some degree of fortitude for the endurance of their misery; and Menzickoff steadily devoted himself to the cultivation of the ground which was to be the support of beings so dear to his heart. But new trials awaited him. The health of his beloved wife gave way under the sad reverse and unenvied privations of her new situation, and a short time after their arrival she died. Menzickoff, in his despairing grief, would have soon followed her; but the thought of his helpless children bade him live to be their guide and stay. Religion now imparted to his mind that elevation and fortitude which alone can give; he now knew the fleeting nature, the nothingness of the riches and honors of which a moment sufficed to deprive him; and he submitted with resignation to his fate, finding in prayer and in the affection of his family his sweetest consolation. But his cup of sorrow was not yet full; his three children were attacked at the same time by the small-pox. His son and one of his daughters recovered; but the eldest, who had been betrothed to the Czar, fell a victim to the fearful disorder. The unhappy father could not bear this fresh bereavement: he sunk under his grief on the 24 of November, 1729, after two years' abode amid the snows of Siberia.

The death of Menzickoff caused some relaxation in the severity of the government, and a little more liberty was now allowed to the two children; such as permission to go on Sundays to divine service at the town of Ischim, a considerable distance from their Isba; but they were not allowed the gratification of being together—the brother going one day and the sister the next.

Three years elapsed without any change in the situation of the young Menzickoffs; but now events occurred that totally altered the aspect of affairs at the court of Russia. Peter II. died without issue, and Anna, the eldest daughter of Peter I., ascended the throne. The solicitations of the friends of the unhappy family found a ready response from the compassion she herself felt for them, and an edict soon received her signature, recalling the young Menzickoff and his sister from banishment, and permitting their return to Moscow. The young creatures, far from expecting such a change, passed their days in cultivating their farm, and alternately availing themselves of their weekly privilege of going to church at Ischim.

One day, when the young girl was returning as usual alone, as she was passing a cabin, a man put his head out of the little hole that served as a window, and called her by name, and then made himself known as Dolgorouki, the enemy of her father, the author of all the misfortunes of her family, now in his turn a victim to court intrigues. She was hastening home to inform her brother of this fresh instance of the instability of human greatness, when, as she approached the house, she saw a government jager, escorted by a band of soldiers at the door. Her heart sickened with the apprehension of some new misfortune, and her trembling limbs were unable to bear her farther, when her brother ran out to meet her. "Joy, sister, joy!" he cried; "Heaven has at last had pity on us. Our gracious sovereign restores us to our home and our country. Here is an order from the Czarina Anna recalling us to court, and

For wonder and joy, the young girl could not believe that she heard aright; and it was not till she actually had the document put into her hands that restored them to liberty and to their country, that she could be persuaded that she was not the sport of illusion.

But once assured, she stood motionless, breathless, under a revulsion so mighty, so sudden. Then came the thought of her father, of all they had suffered; and the first joy was soon mingled and tempered with pensive regret. It was with eyes dimmed with the tears of memory that she met her brother's glance beaming with hope, as on the day fixed for their departure they got into the carriage that was to convey them to Moscow, after having paid a last visit to the grave of their parents, and made over to Dolgorouki their Isba and all that it contained. The Czarina received them most graciously, and gave to Menzickoff the place of captain of her guard, and that of sister-woman to his sister. Soon after, she died, and her place was filled by her husband, who was also a noble of her court.

Mr. CHURCHILL.—Nature had made Mr. Churchill a poet, but destiny made him a school-master. This produced a discord between his outward and his inward existence. Life presented itself to him like the Sphinx, with its perpetual riddle of the real and the ideal. To the solution of this dark problem he devoted his days and his nights. He was forced to teach grammar when he would have been writing poems; and from day to day, and from year to year, the trivial things of life postponed the great designs, which he felt capable of accomplishing, but never had the resolution to begin. Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and was his strength on trifles; like the lazy bee, that plays with the pebbles on its bench, but under the inspiration of the wind might lift great navies on its outstretched palms, and toss them into the air as playthings.—*Longfellow's Kavanagh.*

Some critics have the habit of turning up the Heliconian rivers with their backs turned, so as to see the landscape precisely as the poet did not see it. Others see faults in a book much larger than the book itself, as Saucio Panza, with his eyes blinded, beheld from his wooden horse the earth no larger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men and women on it, as large as hazel nuts.—*Id.*

Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of Time. We look for the bones of our childhood; they are gone; for the friends of our childhood, they are gone.—The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.—*Id.*

As no saint can be canonised until the Devil's Advocate has exposed all his evil deeds, and showed why he should not be made a saint, so no poet can take his station among the gods until the critics have said all that can be said against him.—*Id.*

The country is lyric—the town dramatic. When mingled, they make the most perfect musical drama.—*Id.*

Our passions never wholly die, but the last cantos of life's romantic epic, they rise up again and do battle, like some of Ariosto's heroes, who have already been quietly interred, and ought to be turned into dust.—*Id.*

AGRICULTURAL.

SUGAR-CURING OF BUTTER.—Persons who put up keep butter for their own use, or for a distant market, usually salt their butter very high.—This high salting necessarily detracts from its quality, injures its ready sale, and renders it inferior to the butter of the country. It can be cured by using more palatable substances, of equal efficacy, as preservatives; it will be an improvement. Chemists tell us that sugar is one of these substances, and experience gives us the following recipe:—Take a piece of butter, "sugar-cured hams." If pork can be cured with sugar, why may not butter be so preserved; also is a common sense inquiry. Experience has shown that it may. Dr. James Anderson, of Glasgow, has shown that it is possible to cure butter with sugar, and that it is as good as the butter cured with common salt.